Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a king.
likely *Glo.* Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
loving *Prin.* Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother? Richard
dread *Yor.* Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now. Bo:
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title, this Died
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble L. of Yorke? Lord
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
over The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord. Bo
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
gift And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it. to
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O than I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
heavy *Glo.* It is too weightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,